

I POSED AS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI

By **MATT CVETIC** as told to **PETE MARTIN**

He played his communist role so well he became an out-cast; decent people would have no part of him. He was daily in danger of detection by suspicious comrades — until his story finally exploded and stunned the Reds.

PART THREE

IN June, 1947, my work as an FBI undercover man posing as a communist in Pittsburgh took a new twist. Roy Hudson, a big wheel in the local Politburo, asked me to lunch with him and George Wuchinich, who was an even bigger wheel in the Communist Party of the United States. When I met them for lunch at the Y.M.C.A., Roy told me that it had been decided that it would be best for me to bow out as secretary of the American Slav Congress and let Wuchinich have my job. He had been a captain in the OSS in World War II, and Hudson explained it this way, "Wuchinich is a veteran. As such, he won't be as vulnerable to newspaper attacks and blasts from the local veterans' organizations as yourself, a man who wasn't in the armed services."

Pittsburgh's press was beginning to throw the hooks into the party and also into those in it; among them, me. So I agreed to step aside. There was no discussion as to how I was to live. The party prides itself upon its total lack of interest in a member's personal problems—for example, how he is going to eat.

Roy asked me if I'd keep on helping the party on a voluntary basis, and I said I would. So from June, 1947, until November, 1948, I faked having a cover job, pretending first to be an employee of Kaufmann's Department Store, and then as a carpenter's helper. But after sixteen months of faking jobs, what with the commies whiffing a strong smell of FBI undercover men in their ranks, things were getting so hot that if a party worker didn't have a job, somebody was likely to ask, "Where does that guy get his dough?" So I went to Edward J. Waldman, Jr., a friend I'd known for twenty years, and asked him for a chance to work as an insurance salesman in his insurance agency. He explained that he didn't think he could take me on because of my communist connections.

I took Waldman to one side and said, "Look, Eddie, I'm not really the commie jerk you think I am. I can't tell you who I'm working for, but if giving me a job embarrasses you, just put it down to doing a service to the Government."

He said, "That's different," and put me to work on a commission basis. I worked hard at this cover job to impress my communist associates. So hard that during my best two months at it I sold 600 automobile and other policies. Eddie Waldman has since told me that of the 100 agents who sold for him throughout Western Pennsylvania, I ranked as his No. 3 agent. I had no car and no office. Because I was living in a hotel under an assumed name, I had no telephone on which prospective clients could call me. I pounded the sidewalks, especially in Pittsburgh's Hill District, so many hours that my legs and ankles swelled. I made it a special point to try to sell policies to my communist friends, and sold them about fifty or sixty. For instance, I insured Steve Nelson's automobile. As any insurance sales-

man does, I had to ask a lot of questions to sell policies, such as: "What's the motor number of your car?" But in addition to the usual information, I worked up an extra questionnaire of my own which included place of birth, whether the applicant was born in the country, and if not, how long he'd been in the United States. I handed the shorter set of answers to the insurance company. The one with the answers to the questions I'd dreamed up, I gave to the FBI.

Things were becoming so tense on the undercover front that the FBI instructed me to use a "drop" instead of bringing my reports to the FBI headquarters or handing them to FBI men who came to my hotel for them. My drop was either a post-office box or an FBI agent doubling in brass as the proprietor of a business establishment.

During this period I was one of those who went to Washington to picket against the Mundt-Nixon Bill, a piece of legislation that was supposed to outlaw the Communist Party as a subversive organization. I carried a sign that read: WE DON'T WANT A POLICE-STATE BILL HERE. Some of the rank-and-file party members got paid for such picketing jobs, but because I was supposed to be a "leader," I wasn't paid. Usually we arranged for a front organization to take care of our picketing expenses, and the party organizers in the United Electrical Workers union diverted some of that union's dues to pick up the tab for our Mundt-Nixon expeditionary force. If we couldn't get a front to grubstake us, we pooled our own money for gas and oil, and used it to pay the party members whose cars took us where we were sent. We leaders were supposed to be "sincere" about the food we ate on such junkets, which is another way of saying we paid for it ourselves.

Two years ago I began to notice a larger influx of Stalinists into Pittsburgh from the Iron Curtain embassies in Washington. Those visitors were concerned with what commie slang calls "specifics." A specific is an assignment given to a member of the Cominform's secret police to check on the loyalty of the top communists, whose job, in turn, is checking on the loyalty of local communists. Those secret policemen came to Pittsburgh, sat in with the Pittsburgh leaders, asked questions about how things were going and poked their noses into corners. If they decided that a party member wasn't seeing Red enough, he was expelled. Even such a big shot in the party as Steve Nelson was subjected to such double-checking.

The party's leadership had grown so jumpy that it was even dangerous to contribute too much money to the communist cause, and if a donation seemed overgenerous, there was speculation as to where the contributor had acquired such a sum. One thing I was happy about was that if anyone in the party suspected another member of being an FBI stool pigeon, he usually asked me to take it up with Steve Nelson. Steve was too important to be bothered by every Tom, Dick and Harry who was seeing FBI agents under his bed,

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HARRY SALTZMAN

For years Cvetic had to meet Government men in secret; now he can walk openly into FBI offices.

I POSED AS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI

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but knowing that I was Nelson's Man Friday, they'd tell me, "You take it up with Steve, Matty. Tell him I think that So-and-So is an FBI spy." I took it up, all right, but not only with Nelson. I told the FBI about their suspicions, to protect other undercover men who might be in danger of being discovered.

Until 1947 I'd been able to check in at the Pittsburgh FBI office at night, go to the sixth floor, where I studied files and viewed movies taken of party members attending communist meetings, in an effort to identify them. In 1945, 1946 and 1947, the Pittsburgh communists held their district meetings at the North Side Knights of Pythias Hall. Usually they were held in the daytime, to get the biggest turnout possible.

The FBI covered those meetings like a blanket. Among other things, it took attendance-record movies from strategic points. It wasn't easy to take such films at night, because there was apt to be too little light. But more than once the FBI licked that problem by replacing street lights with bulbs of more powerful wattage. After 1947, however, the commies were so suspicious and jumpy that I had to go to some other city to view those movies.

I've been asked scores of times why I stopped working for the FBI. There's no mystery about it. My nerves were beginning to come apart. I was losing weight. And I was rapidly becoming no good either to the FBI or to myself.

I was an alternate delegate to the national convention of the Communist Party that was held in New York City in July, 1945. The party's name at this time was The Communist Political Association. There I shared a hotel bed with another comrade, and for three straight nights I pretended to be asleep. I was afraid that if I dozed off, I'd talk in my sleep and give myself away. Nor could I sneak a daytime nap. I had to hang around the convention and make notes for my reports to the FBI. The FBI supplied me with paper and I used up a ream of it about every two months. Some days I'd turn in three pages, other days twenty. If I'd attended a communist conference, my report would run as high as twenty-five pages. Only regular delegates were allowed on the convention floor, but as a special favor I was admitted to the last session at New York, the one that elected the party's national officers and demoted Earl Browder. And I sat on a couple of panels, including the youth panel.

Since I'd driven up to New York with my roommate, he expected me to drive back with him. I was afraid to sleep en route home. When I reached my hotel room in Pittsburgh, I barely made it to the bed before I was snoring. I didn't even take my clothes off.

The wry laughs I'd got out of some of my experiences while posing as a communist came further and further apart now, and some of those experiences were beginning to make me sore, which was another warning to me that my undercover work was getting me. I recall a meeting held at the North Side Carnegie Music Hall to listen to Henry Winston talk in defense of the Communist Party leaders on trial in New York. Winston was one of the

eleven. Two hundred communists and communist sympathizers attended, but the picket line of union members and veterans' groups standing outside the building outnumbered those inside. I was on the arrangements committee. That meant, among other things, that I was in charge of the back door, to make sure that none of the antiparty pickets got in. A squad of Pittsburgh policemen who had been assigned to keep order at the Music Hall helped me with this chore.

Instead of running the gantlet of boos and catcalls as the small fry had to do when they came through the front entrance, Winston and Steve Nelson sneaked in through the rear door. Then, five minutes before the meeting broke up, Winston and Nelson came to the rear exit and told me, "We're getting out of here, Matty. You keep on watching." With the police protection, they knew they could get away safely. The front door would have been a different matter. The pickets there were in no loving mood.

When the meeting ended, I said to those inside, "If you leave by the front door there'll be trouble. We'd better use the side doors." Even ducking out that way we were hit by pop bottles, our clothes were fouled by spittle and we were shoved around. Winston and Nelson had been smart enough—or yellow enough—to avoid that.

Among the minor irritations that went with being an undercover man was the constant need to watch my personal habits. I like to wear pressed suits, clean white shirts and a coat, even in summertime. But most of my commie friends went around minus coat and necktie, and with shirts that weren't clean. I kept what I called "my commie uniform" in my hotel closet—it included a shirt with a wrinkled collar and a dirty front—and changed into it "to go to work." I'd saved a few ties that had got soupy, and I wore them askew, turned up my shirt collar and walked down the hotel steps instead of using the elevators, so my cheesy appearance wouldn't attract attention. One day I took my nerve in my hands, stood up in a meeting and said, "Since we're setting ourselves up as the leaders of the people, what's wrong with us looking more like leaders instead of bums?" After that, a few of my communist friends risked being accused of "bourgeois leanings" and began to wear ties and reasonably fresh shirts.

The point I'm making is that, although they had never bothered me before, small things like that, as well as Nelson and Winston taking a powder out of a meeting and leaving the small fry in the grease, were beginning to eat on me. Before I'd gone to work for the FBI, I'd been a happy-go-lucky type. I'd enjoyed taking my twin sons camping, fishing and to the Pirates' ball games. But when they grew up, they began to be ashamed of me. My name was being mentioned in the papers as a communist, and the teachers at their school needed them about me. I didn't blame them. I knew why they felt that way, but I missed the fun we'd had together.

As a party member, my social life was a burlesque of the average person's social life. If I went to a party given by communists, we talked politics instead of partying or dancing. My life with my wife had been a failure. So when we were divorced and I met another girl and we fell in love—boom!—like that, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to have this affair ruined by having her think me a commie. Although I knew

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that she could get me into trouble if she didn't keep her mouth shut, I told her the score on my undercover work. My hunch was a good one. She kept it to herself.

In the afternoons we'd go walking. I bought her a cocker spaniel and we had fun with it. My job didn't worry me when I was with her. She was my escape. But one day after I'd been dropping in to see her for a while, her father got an anonymous phone call that said, "I think you ought to know that your daughter is running around with one of Stalin's messenger boys." The next time I went to see her, her father told me, "I don't want any commies in my house. Get out and don't come around here again."

My insides were in a stew. I couldn't quit the Communist Party without losing my FBI job, and even if I stopped working for the FBI and left the party, the fact that everybody would think of me as having been a communist would still dog me. That was before the Judith Coplon trial and the trial of the eleven communist leaders in New York, and the public didn't know that there were such things as FBI confidential workers pretending to be commies. I couldn't switch to some other kind of FBI work, for the attitude of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is that once you're an undercover man, you keep on being an undercover man. If you stop, your value to it is zero.

When I found out that the FBI refused to disclose the job I'd been doing, and thereby re-establish me as a loyal citizen, I called my girl and told her the news. She began to cry. When her sobs slowed, she said, "Anything you do is O.K. with me, only don't stop seeing me." After that I saw her anyhow, but I did it on the sly.

Not only had I been divorced, but I'd filled out papers to have my marriage annulled by the church, and I kept telling myself that they'd come through. Looking back at it now, I know I was too optimistic about it. I know now that such things take more time than I had supposed, and that an annulment is a very difficult thing to get. But wishful thinking was guiding my thoughts, and I told her, "I'm going to quit next December, so I can marry you without dragging you through the mud. Then maybe your father won't think I'm such a louse."

I didn't quit in December, for early that fall she had begun to go around with another man, and within four months she married him. I felt as if I were breaking into pieces. When she ditched me, I tore up my copy of my annulment application. It took me a year to get over her, but after a while I understood why she couldn't stand it any longer. Now, when we see each other, we're friends.

Losing her was what made me finally decide to quit my job. I spent the next year cursing my work, cursing my luck, cursing everything. I became irritable, and I hit the FBI for more pay. They raised me to eighty-five dollars a week, but I no longer took pride in my FBI reports. I'd been proud of the fact that none of them had ever been criticized, but in that last year some of my reports were just plain sloppy.

Then, all at once it seemed that my troubles were over. I was told that, since I had attended Communist Party meetings with five of the eleven defendants in the New York trial, I was to be one of several FBI undercover men who would appear as Government witnesses. Testifying in that trial would have meant an automatic release from

my double life for, after that, people would know that I'd never really been a communist.

I worked at preparing my testimony for three weeks. I made a trip to New York to talk to one of the assistant attorney generals who was helping present the Government's case. In addition, a man was sent to Pittsburgh to go over my FBI reports with me and help me select the information that would be most useful. Back in New York, I was taken into the Federal Court House in Foley Square through a back entrance, and I sat in a room adjoining the courtroom all morning and part of the afternoon, going over my testimony, typing out extra notes, in case I needed them, and waiting to be called. I was supposed to be the final Government witness. I was one of those about whom J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was talking in his statement printed in the papers on June ninth this year. He noted that seven of the FBI's confidential party informants had been revealed during the trial, and said, "We had more available if they were necessary." Then, at three o'clock in the afternoon I was told, "You're lucky, Matt. You don't have to go on. They don't need you. They've decided that they've got enough on the defendants to wrap up the trial without you."

I felt as if somebody had kicked me in the belly, for I figured that I'd done my part and that I was overdue to be let off the hook. I went back to Pittsburgh feeling sunk, and from that time on I kept at the FBI to let me out. "Can't you put me on another kind of Government job?" I asked. "Doesn't the Immigration Bureau need somebody?" Finally I said that I couldn't take it any longer.

They gave me three weeks' severance pay and told me that I might hear from the Immigration authorities about a job. I waited for five weeks, but no word came. I sat in my hotel room as much as I could, but Pittsburgh's commies thought that I was still one of them, and I was afraid not to attend their meetings.

Finally, I went to Judge Blair F. Gunther and to Attorney Harry Alan Sherman, who headed a group in town called Americans Battling Communism. I told them what I'd done for seven years. They arranged to have me subpoenaed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. That committee brought me to Washington and questioned me for five days.

While I was waiting to be called to Washington I worried. Once I was testifying, I figured I'd be safe; for if anything happened to me afterward, such as a "suicide" under mysterious circumstances, even kindergarten kids would know who was behind it. While communists do dumb things, I didn't think they'd be that dopey. But I found that one of the Pittsburgh papers was planning to print a story about me before I took off for Washington. I managed to stop that story, and when the moment came for me to leave town, I downed a couple of quick ones to bolster my nerves and once I was in my roomette on the train, I locked the door, and I kept it locked until I got to Washington.

Earlier in this series I told about some of the evidence I gave the House Committee in Washington, and there's no point in rehashing it. But one part of it was never developed as far as it deserved; the part about the congressional mail frank privilege being used to distribute procommunist literature. The procommunist propaganda I had

in mind was a letter written by a member of the American Slav Congress to The New York Times after the congress was declared subversive. A copy was sent by the writer to a congressman. He had the letter printed in the Congressional Record and delivered 2000 copies of it with franked envelopes to be mailed by the American Slav Congress. I helped mail them myself. The letter urged establishing trade relations with China's new communist-dominated government. The Pittsburgh Press described this use of congressional privileges much better than I can do it. That paper said:

Congressman George G. Sadowski admitted that he let George Wuchinich use his free mailing privilege to send out propaganda branded as procommunist. Mr. Sadowski said that he supplied Wuchinich with thousands of frank envelopes, but declared that he didn't know Wuchinich was a communist. Sadowski didn't mention that he had frequently written for the Slavic American, the official magazine of the American Slav Congress. Even after that organization was branded by the U. S. Attorney General as a disloyal communist front, an article under his by-line appeared

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MEDITATION IN A POST OFFICE

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

Why is it, people who look bright,
Whose clothes are smart and
grooming right,
Who wear Phi Beta Kappa keys
And romp through genius tests
with ease,
Who blithely handle large
concerns,
Who cope with income-tax
returns,
Who seem to master life
completely,
Can't learn to wrap a package
neatly?

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in this magazine. It was entitled: A Warning to America—Greedy Bankers and Cartelists Leading U. S. to Bankruptcy. He charged that these greedy bankers and international cartelists were raiding the U. S. Treasury through the Marshall Plan under the cry of communism.

The same paper also said editorially:

Either Mr. Sadowski isn't being entirely frank about his dealings with the leftists, or he is entirely too innocent to be a member of Congress—and too expensive.

When it was no longer a secret that I'd been an FBI undercover man, I was asked a lot of questions. One of them was: "In your association with party members, did you feel that any considerable portion of them sincerely believed in the cause or were most of them professional conspirators?"

I learned to like some of the commies I worked with, but I kept in the back of my mind the fact that they were part of a conspiracy that it was my job to help stymie. The top fringe of the party are hand-picked conspirators, cynical, hard-boiled, trained in espionage and sabotage work. But a lot of the rank-and-file members are sincere believers because most of them have never understood the real aims of the communist program. They are fed a diet of double-talk and twisted thinking, such as "The defense of the Communist Party is the first line of defense of Democracy in America."

Many of those who've buttonholed me in the past few months have asked me: "What proportion of the membership of the Communist Party in the United States is drawn from the American middle class, what proportion of it comes from the labor groups, and what proportion of it is recruited from the professional group?" I can speak only for Western Pennsylvania, but about 60 to 65 per cent of the party membership there was drawn from the working people. About 20 to 25 per cent came from the white-collar and businessman groups. The professional group—doctors, lawyers, teachers, scientists and the like—made up the remainder. About 15 per cent of the entire party membership are women.

Another question often put to me is: "How are the party's officers elected?" That's easy. They almost always aren't. I've attended hundreds of party meetings, but I've never attended one at which an officer was elected. The way Steve Nelson became an officer of the Communist Party in Pittsburgh was this: In August, 1948, Henry Winston, of the national board of the Communist Party, addressed a meeting of the Communist Party's district committee at the Carnegie Lecture Hall in North Side Pittsburgh. "The national board of the Communist Party recognizes the strategic importance of Pittsburgh," Winston told us. "We are therefore sending one of our best organizers, Steve Nelson, here to make the local organization more effective." That announcement was Nelson's "election."

Because it offers many basic industrial targets rolled into one, Pittsburgh is important to the Communist Party. I've heard Stalinists who visited the city say, "If we can move Pittsburgh an inch, we can move the country a mile."

It was the belief of the communists I worked with that in addition to Pittsburgh the party's four other primary targets are Detroit, Washington, D. C., the Pacific Coast and Alaska, and that if they could control the country's steel, mining, electrical, machine-tool, transportation and maritime industries, they could turn the nation's economy on or off at will through their ability to call and maintain long strikes. It's easy to imagine what this would mean to our country in production stoppages and opportunities for sabotage in a war with the Soviet Union.

The meeting at which these industries were put at the top of the communist list was held in the lecture room of the North Side Carnegie Free Library. It was open to Communist Party members only. Ironically, it was left to me, an FBI employee, to act as doorman and decide who should be let into it and who shouldn't.

It is part of the dogma of the Communist Party in the United States that it must be alert to take advantage of unrest and economic dislocation. It went into action during the period of mining chaos that ended last March with John L. Lewis' agreement with the mine operators. Fifty members of the Labor Youth League were sent into the mine fields from New York City to hand food packages to the miners. The gimmick was this: To get a food package, a miner was asked also to accept a copy of the Daily Worker. But most of the miners weren't having any Red wool pulled over their eyes. They took the food, but many of them refused the Daily Worker. If the youthful missionaries from New York became too insistent, they were threat-

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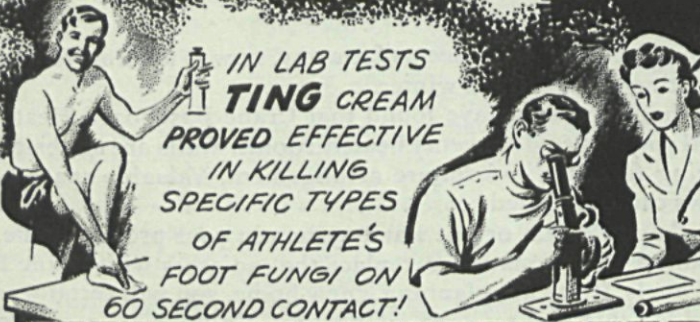
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ened with a dunking in the nearest river.

As a communist, I was taught that the most fertile field for youth recruiting is the poorer neighborhoods of our big cities. Given youngsters who've never had much in the way of opportunity and who know what it means to suffer from malnutrition, the offer of an auto to use on party business, together with a few dollars to carry in their pockets, plus an introduction to attractive girl party members, are lures hard to resist.

Another query constantly put to me is: "How do the communists get the party line they follow, and where does it come from?" It is set down in the official organ of the Cominform, a weekly publication called *For a Lasting Peace; For a People's Democracy*, published in Europe as a guide to communists all over the world. In addition, the party line is dispatched to this country by Cominform mouthpieces like Jacques Duclos, secretary of the French Communist Party, or it is brought back to the United States by the party's agents on their return from periodic trips to Canada and to Europe. It is then funneled down to party members through this country's official Communist Party organ, the *Sunday and Daily Worker*, and the communist magazine, *Political Affairs*.

At one time the party's policy filtered down to the communist press from the Russian Embassy. But in recent years, for security reasons, part of it has come from the Polish Embassy or the Czechoslovakian Embassy. Before Tito broke with the Cominform, much of the party line came from the Yugoslav Embassy staff.

A lot of people I've talked to are curious as to how the commies go about setting up cells in our schools and colleges. Two kinds of party organizers are used for this: those who work inside the schools and those who work outside. Those who work inside are usually school children and college students, but schoolteachers, librarians and maintenance workers, such as janitors, are used too. The communists in Pittsburgh managed to recruit a cell in the University of Pittsburgh, and at one time it had as many as nine undergraduates in it. But during the last few months its membership shrank rapidly. It is getting tougher to proselyte for the party in the colleges, and it's likely that the University of Pittsburgh student cell is now down to almost nothing. In justice to the University of Pittsburgh, I must say we had some good experiences there—good, that is, from the American point of view, not from the party's point of view. On at least three occasions in the past year or so leaflet-distributing expeditions were chased off the campus by the students themselves. It's also encouraging that—at least in Western Pennsylvania—while we did line up some high-school teachers, we were never very successful at organizing cells in high schools.

We didn't use the students of a university to make our leaflet distribution in that university. Instead, we had students or party members from other places do it, and our converts inside of a university conducted their inside propaganda work after the leaflets were distributed. If any student showed interest an effort was made to bring him or her closer to the party. The next step was an invitation to a youth-group social affair.

I keep running into people who can't seem to get the next thing I'm going

to say through their heads. The Communist Party is not a political party in the sense that the Republicans, the Democrats or the Socialists are parties. It is a conspiratorial group that takes its orders from a source outside of our country. Last year a jury of twelve Americans convicted eleven of the leaders of that so-called "party" of conspiring "knowingly and willfully to advocate and teach the duty and necessity of overthrowing and destroying the Government of the United States by force and violence."

The communists I worked with were rarely honest enough to come out and say that they would support the Soviet Union if it went to war with the United States. But I've heard them say, "When the forces of war attack the forces of peace, we will fight against the imperialist warmongers," which amounts to the same thing in party language. It shouldn't take too much brain power to figure out that the Communist Party in the United States is not a political party at all, but is an agency of Soviet Russia and a staging area in the not so Cold War.

Once we realize that, it ought to be a comfort to know that, while there's a fifth column in this country that gives its first loyalty to a foreign government, there is also a sixth column working to hamstring that fifth column. This sixth column is made up of the FBI's undercover men. There is no reason why the people of the country shouldn't know that while the Communist Party is infiltrating industry, mass organizations, churches, trade-unions, foreign-language groups and fraternal organizations, the FBI is infiltrating the party's ranks. The Communist Party knows that the FBI is doing this. What it doesn't know is which of their comrades are really FBI undercover men and which aren't.

I'm proud that I was part of that sixth column. I am also proud of the fact that in the first two weeks after it became known that I'd been an undercover man, I got seventeen threatening letters and phone calls. Most of them were of the "Keep your big mouth shut or we'll shut it for you" variety. A lot of them were from cranks. But I have reason to think that some of them were probably genuine. And I'm proud that the *Daily Worker* thought me worth a smear campaign. The more menacing letters and calls I get and the more I'm smeared by the United States commies, the more worth while the job I did seems.

On the first of May of this year the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the United States Department of Justice gave me a job as an investigator assigned to its Pittsburgh staff. That was nice. But even nicer was the look I saw on the face of one of my sons while I was testifying before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In referring to my first appearance before the committee, the Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh Press put it this way:

Only one outsider was admitted to the closed hearings at which Mr. Cvetic presented his evidence concerning the Communist Party. He was Seaman Second Class Richard Cvetic, of the U. S. Navy's Anacostia base, one of the twin, eighteen-year-old sons of Matt Cvetic. Richard had thought for years that his father was nothing but a "no-good communist," and his father's notoriety had made things tough for him among his friends. When Richard heard with his own ears—and with growing amazement—that his father really was an FBI undercover agent, he was visibly moved.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Cvetic and Mr. Martin.